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After JFK—What?

Walter Dean Burnham

The Mood in Washington

William V. Shannon

A Note from Texas

John W. Turnbull

The Fact of Mortality

Richard Gilman

Humane and Sane

J. M. Cameron

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THE COMMONWEAL

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

The Kennedy Legacy, the People's Task

IT IS STILL not easy now, many days after the horribly well-aimed shots, to explain why the nation was so moved, so horrified, by the assassination of President Kennedy. He had not held office very long, had been elected only by the slimmest of margins, had aroused to new heights the antagonism of segregationists. In the opinion of many observers, he stood a chance of losing the 1964 election. If he had made friends, it was not always clear just who they were. The Negro civil rights leaders had accused his Administration of "selling out" to his opponents; the Northern liberals often expressed dismay that the "new frontier" had yet to materialize; a book by a conservative, purporting to explode the Kennedy "myth," made the best-seller list; his programs were limping through Congress.

By all odds, those were not likely ingredients for that outpouring of genuine grief, for that sense of desolation, which gripped the nation at the first news of his death and which mounted hourly up to those last moments which saw Cardinal Cushing at graveside slowly, with sad deliberation, sprinkle holy water on the grave of a "wonderful man."

But the odds were beaten. They were beaten by the intangible style which President Kennedy brought to his office: that combination of wit, elegance, appearance, personality, of the merger of the jet set and Irish Catholicism, of Theodore Sorenson and the "Irish mafia." Most of all, they were beaten by the utter senselessness of the assassination. A young man, in his prime, shot down; and not, so far as is known, even for the sake of a plot. Even that, in a twisted way, would have brought a glimmer of order and motive. But we came away with nothing —unless it be a dramatic reminder of the fact of evil and of death, of hatred and passion, of the folly of which man is capable. We were well prepared for the First, purple-garbed Sunday of Advent.

Yet Advent is itself an anticipation. It looks forward to Christmas, that most magnificent sign of new life and new hope. It reminds us that hope should not be allowed to die. It tells us that our suffering has a meaning. It instructs us to make ourselves ready for a new life—by contrition, by penance, by sacrifice. It teaches us to merit white garments by wearing somber ones. It shocks us by the stark promise of judgment.

IN HIS first days in office, President Johnson has shown that he has not missed the only possible moral of the assassination. In his Thanksgiving Day message (about the only thing we had to be thankful for) he urged, indeed implored, the nation "to banish rancor from our words and malice from our hearts—to perfect our unity North and South, East and West, to hasten the day when bias of race, religion and region is no more and to bring the day when our great energies, and decencies and spirit will be free of the burdens we have borne too long."

But that is easier said than done, and President Johnson must know how recalcitrant the human spirit can be. He had only to look, with the rest of us, at the shooting of Lee Harvey Oswald to see that. Or to read the scattered outbursts of those who praised the assassination; or who commended the shooting of Oswald; or who vilified the Texas minister who revealed the glee of some school children at the President's death—or, yes, even those who threatened the life of the pitiable General Walker should he be allowed to speak at a Long Island meeting. It hardly took a moment, in short, for American life to return to normal.

But then, perhaps not. Perhaps we have learned something. We may at least have learned, from Mrs. Kennedy, how to conduct ourselves in grief. We may at least have learned, from instruments we

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could not, however much we tried, turn off, how television and radio can serve something other than the peddling of goods we don't need and values the nation cannot stand. We may at least have learned that a catastrophe in our country, a failure of our heart, means fear and uncertainty throughout the world. We may at least have learned, if any doubted, that the American Negro can weep with the rest of us over the death of a white man.

And we have surely learned something about Lyndon Baines Johnson. As a Senator and as Majority Leader, Mr. Johnson was something of a legendary figure. A strong leader, a master politician, a magnetic if irritating personality, a demon for work, a brilliant tactician—all of these things and more were said about him. As a Vice President we heard, though it was not always apparent, that he was as active as ever, if in a different, less spectacular way. Slowly, little by little, he managed to shed at least some of those native layers which made him suspect to Northern Democrats. Slowly, too, so we heard, he was taking steps to increase his initially scant grasp of international affairs.

But why deny it?—there were very few who thought him of Presidential stature. At most he represented one more illustration of John F. Kennedy's political talents. A grand man, Lyndon Johnson, to help capture some Southern and Western votes, to help balance the Democratic ticket—but not a man for the Presidency.

Along with all the other doubters, we may have made a serious mistake in judging his capacities. The past days, to understate the matter, have put some new evidence before the nation. It is there, first, in his address to Congress and in his Thanksgiving message. He can, obviously enough, speak with moving force. If, as commonly said, he relied heavily on the talents of Mr. Sorenson for his address to Congress, then he has shown both sense and sensibility. The evidence is there, secondly, in the vigor he displayed during his first days in office. At a time when the rest of us drifted listlessly about, he was on the phone—to Negro leaders, to union presidents, to businessmen, to foreign diplomats, to the widow of the slain Dallas policeman.

It is there, thirdly, in the fact that he chose to emphasize in his address to Congress the civil rights bill. "No memorial oration or eulogy," he said, "could more eloquently honor President Kennedy's memory than the earliest possible passage of the civil rights bill for which he fought so long. We have talked long enough in this country about equal rights. We have talked for a hundred years or more. It is now time to write the next chapter, and to write it in the books of law."

We think it must have taken some nerve to say this. It would have been easier, and surely excusable, to let the occasion of the address go with some lofty, backward-looking words. The Southern legislators, who found it easy to applaud the patriotic sentiment, sat on their hands when civil rights were mentioned. True enough, as a tested politician, Mr. Johnson must have known that his address would have much to do with establishing his acceptability to Democratic liberals. That he apparently succeeded, at least for the moment, in calming partisan doubts while at the same time sustaining the mood of national unity, is not a feat to be slighted.

Despite these good signs, it is perfectly understandable that many in Washington should still feel a sense of emptiness. This is particularly true of those younger men who came to Washington filled with zest and drive, animated by the aura of youth and vigor which Mr. Kennedy projected so well. But life has to go on; and it will and must go on under the guidance of President Johnson.

The sign of youth is less age than spirit. President Kennedy tried to take the nation into a new era—and that is a job of the mind and spirit. It can be done by a man who chooses to go bareheaded or by one who wears an extravagant Texas 10-gallon hat; by a man with a Boston-Harvard accent or a Southwestern twang; by a man born with a silver spoon in his mouth or in rural poverty. What counts is his vision of the work to be done. What counts is the support the nation gives him. What counts is our power as a people to put aside the sniper that is in each of us, to put him aside in favor of that self which John Fitzgerald Kennedy sought to draw forth.

FATHER LaFARGE

It was with deepest regret that we learned of the death on Nov. 24 of John LaFarge, S.J., a lifelong friend who since 1926 had served with such distinction on the editorial staff of *America*. Father LaFarge brought to his many notable tasks a keen mind, an unfailing sense of humor, unflagging zeal and an optimism that belied the towering obstacles which he knew lay ahead. He was a true pioneer—preeminently in the Catholic interracial movement, as well as in ecumenism, liturgical reform and the Catholic Association for International Peace. His career has been of incalculable benefit to both Church and nation, and the movements he has started will long live after him. May he rest in peace.

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A Note from Texas

Austin

THE FIRST real fall weather of the season blew into Texas yesterday, producing one of those bright, dry, crisp days which even the most jaundiced would have to admit are probably equaled in few other places in the world. But last night's glittering stars and this morning's glowing, cloudless dawn were in the circumstances unseemly in their splendor. At the very moment of this writing the President of the United States and his lady were to have been enjoying this flawless day on the sprawling LBJ Ranch in the hills just to our west; instead he has been dead for exactly twenty-four hours.

Whatever powers there are that decide these things decided that the destiny of John Fitzgerald Kennedy and that of this proud, foolish, and yet awesome state should be sealed in a common shattering tragedy. At this short range of time and space, no one can even begin to guess the effect of that ghastly event on the state and the state of mind called Texas. Even if, as now appears doubtful, it should turn out that the assassination of the President was the fruit of that special political madness for which this state and its second city in particular are notorious, it would of course be foolish and wicked to conclude that guilt had thereby been neatly settled. But guilt and suffering are at best imperfectly correlated in human affairs, and it is likely that both the body and the spirit of Texas have been wounded in ways and to an extent that cannot be realized now and will not for some time to come.

Fate piles upon fate, and it falls to the state which claimed the life of one President, also to provide the person of the next. Lyndon Baines Johnson is both a product and a prime shaper of Texas and of its inscrutable politics. He has been for many years the leading figure of the Texas Democratic establishment, and as such the object of the very special hatred of certified liberals in the state. (The violence of the animosities which have raged through Texas Democracy was not even decently disguised during the preparations for the Kennedy-Johnson visit. This morning's Dallas *News* reports, indeed, that Governor Connally went to Washington earlier this week to try to persuade the President not to come to Texas at all, on the ground that the visit would only tend to exacerbate the party's wounds.)

Not having been around when the feud got started, I have never quite been able to account for the bitterness of the liberals against Mr. Johnson. Their indictments sounded to a stranger mostly like evidence that he was a hard-working, shrewd, purposeful, and consummately skilled political operator, a fact about which the only appropriate feeling now is profound gratitude. Moreover, many people fully as honorable and as intelligent as the liberals, and so far as I can tell differing from them less in their political convictions than in their metabolism, have been equally fierce in their devotion to and respect for Mr. Johnson. It is well known that that is the case with his sometime colleagues in the Senate.

The new President comes into office facing perhaps unprecedented opportunities for the moral leadership of his people and of all peoples. We cannot yet imagine how well or ill he will meet them; advance speculation about the performance of a President is notoriously unreliable, and for many reasons it is especially so in this case.

From another state of high political volatility and of special fatefulness in the melancholy happenings of these days, came perhaps the most authentic response to them, the cry of the man who is now "only a heartbeat away," Mr. McCormack of Massachusetts: "My God, my God, what are we coming to?" Texans join in this tortured question, and they ask it for themselves, for their state, for their country, and for their world. JOHN W. TURNBULL

(The Reverend John W. Turnbull is a member of the faculty at the Episcopal Theological Seminary of the Southwest, Austin, Texas.)

The Fact of Mortality

BY THE TIME this appears, the terrible events will have been over for nearly two weeks, but as I write now, the day after the funeral, it is still impossible to think about anything else. The movement back will come, to what we were and did before, to the self's concerns, the claims of one's calling, the web of personal obligations, the pressures of physical necessity. But now it is as though a rift had been made in time, a sudden space opened up in which what exists does so absolutely, cut off from both past and future, so that we are left with pure mortality, naked and vulnerable as we had never known it. It is this absolute peril that we all live in that has, I think, been brought home to us during these days, a peril whose acceptance is life-giving but which we habitually blunt and evade.

And what has been brought home to us is each

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other. All great public calamities diminish the self's thrust and convert the personal into the general; a calamity such as the murder of the young President has the further effect of shaking the general from its heavy stability and putting in question the ground itself. "What is happening in this country?" "What are we coming to?" To ask such questions is to go past the traditional and the reflexive, the expected grief and horror, towards the entirely new and unappeasable, the social pit that has abruptly opened around us. The incredible turning to one another—stranger to stranger as well as loved one to loved one—that we all witnessed or took part in was in a central way a movement of propitiation and assuagement. It came from terror but also from a recognition of how estranged we are from one another, how mysterious and opaque are the lives that surround our own. We do not know the next man, and the holes in society are wider than the connections.

In what seemed to me the truest and most eloquent of all the public statements that were made, that of Chief Justice Warren in the Capitol Rotunda, it was declared that if we really love this country we have now to move towards diminishing the hatreds and passions that torment it. One would like to carry the exhortation into another dimension: if we are really allied to life, if we really wish to live as men of courage and dignity who share a common fate and substance, we have now to transcend ourselves, to begin a movement past resentment, bitterness and the private, excluding will. If the wound we sustained is also a blessing, a true sacrifice which makes new things possible, it lies in the opportunity it gives us to reach beyond ourselves in protectiveness and care. RICHARD GILMAN

Humane and Sane

Leeds

WHEN, on the evening of November 22, an American friend telephoned with the dreadful news that President Kennedy had been assassinated in Dallas, Texas, my reaction was at first one of incredulity. Death has a claim upon most statesmen, full of years and experience and strongly marked with the signs of their mortality; but not upon this young man. Incredulity was followed by a sorrow whose depth surprised me. Like most English (and many American) liberals, I had been critical of Kennedy for being too much the politician and too little the charismatic leader.

We admired the poise and basic sanity with which he handled the crisis over the missile sites in Cuba, but set this against his complicity in the miserable affair of the Cuban invasion. Now, one realized how much one had *depended* on Kennedy. In a world teetering on the edge of madness here was a man, in command of the massive and terrifying forces of the United States, who was magnificently sane and who was never likely to fall into adventurism or despair.

Here was a politician with a respect for intelligence and a grasp of the fundamental strategy of social and economic policy in his own country. The old, the unemployed, the Negroes, the teacher in the school, the scientist in his laboratory, the farmer, the worker in the factory, Christians attempting the hard task of offering their distinctive witness in twentieth-century America, all these knew, whatever their incidental criticisms or impatience, that in Kennedy they had a man who knew what had to be done in the immediate future to make American society more humane and more effectively a free society for the great mass of ordinary people. Against him were the racists, the madmen of the Right and all the egoisms that make for private greed and against the public spirit in the most affluent sections of the affluent society. That such as these should have been his enemies does him immense honor.

American Catholics, and Catholics elsewhere, will have a special feeling for Kennedy. He was the man who fractured the conventional image of the Catholic as a priest-ridden, uncandid, slightly sinister character, quite unfitted to occupy the position of supreme responsibility in a modern free society. Looked at in this way, Kennedy's Presidency complemented the work of the Ecumenical Council in giving to contemporary Catholicism a more authentic appearance, one which brings out the essentials and sheds the irrelevancies and trivialities which for so many people, including Catholics, had obscured the mystery of the Church as the meeting-place of God's dealings with the human family.

Now he is dead. The pain of the thought is more than a feeling that the world is likely to be a more difficult and terrifying place without him. It is also the feeling one has that here, in the midst of so much in public life that is squalid or grotesque, the pattern of one of the great tragic themes shines out so brightly. It is the picture of the young athlete, already the bearer of many trophies, who is suddenly and inexplicably cut off from the living to wander in the world of shadows. In the ancient world this was the inscrutable decree of Fate.

We, who have a different hope, still rebel against what is bound to seem to us so cruel and so pointless. Our consolation would be—and it would be the greatest memorial to the dead President who now

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belongs to the history of his nation and who might, had he been given time, have been placed with Lincoln and Roosevelt—that what he wanted for his people, a way of living peacefully with the Communist world and the realization of racial justice and justice for the poor at home, should be the glory of American history in the years that stretch, now, inevitably, a little somberly, before us.

Here, for what it is worth, is the tribute of one Englishman for whom the United States is a second country and who knows he speaks for his fellow citizens.

J. M. CAMERON

(J. M. Cameron is The Commonweal's correspondent for Great Britain.)

WASHINGTON REPORT

The Mood in Washington

IN JAMES JOYCE'S "Ivy Day in the Committee Room," three Dublin political workers are reminiscing about Parnell. "If this man was alive . . ." is their refrain. And finally the oldest of the three exclaims: "Musha, God be with them times! There was some life in it then."

The members of John Kennedy's Administration and political party, suddenly bereft of his leadership, have this same intense, poignant sense that much of the life and color and hope has gone out of their work. President Lyndon Johnson has asked all officials to carry on. No changes in the cabinet and no important deviations from existing policy are expected in the next several months. Democrats will also soon discover that in the new President they have a leader and party manager who in his own way is astute and capable. But, nevertheless, the spirit of Washington has totally changed because men's expectations have been radically altered.

As Daniel Patrick Moynihan, an Assistant Secretary of Labor, remarked in a television interview: "I suppose there's no use in being Irish if you don't know that sooner or later life is going to break your heart. But most of us in the Administration thought we had more time. And so did he."

Moynihan, who is in his middle thirties, spoke for many since this had been very much a young man's administration. Its best qualities were those of youth: energy, optimism, practical idealism. No one was tired or cynical or complacent. The sociologist David Riesman had remarked of Kennedy when he took office that he was not typical of the American character today, at least as Riesman saw it, because he very much believed that he could change the drift of events by acts of will. Or, in the late President's own words, "Our problems are man made and can be changed by men."

Kennedy was a liberal—with a difference. He had no utopian visions and no Jacobin impulses to tear up the roots of things. He was immune to the unfortunate tendencies and implicit hopes that political liberalism sometimes stirs in its adherents. He knew that political action cannot dispose of all evils. And yet he was a very purposeful man who believed strongly in the importance of what he and his Administration were trying to do. His Catholicism was one component in this balance between commitment and restraint because it helped give him a longer perspective on human dreams and efforts. His fondness for reading history, his nearly-fatal experience in the war, and his own and his family's experience in the power-centered politics of Boston were other components.

THE EFFECT of this balanced approach to political issues was an Administration that, despite its "New Frontier" tag, did not fit comfortably into any analogies with Wilson's New Freedom and Roosevelt's New Deal. Kennedy and his men worked in the political situation as they found it in January, 1961. Their sense of prudence made them doubt that they could successfully remodel the structure of power in Congress (beyond the expansion in membership of the House Rules Committee that they narrowly achieved) or that it would be effective to try to mobilize public pressure against the Congressional hierarchs. They waged their battle for their legislative basis as insiders using the standard political measures of patronage, compromise, and personal persuasion. Progress was slow, but President Kennedy remained confident and urbane. Speaking at one of his last press conferences, he said of the tax and civil rights bills, "This is going to be an eighteen-month delivery."

President Kennedy and his supporters, morever, were optimistic that time was on their side. They were confident that he would not only be re-elected in November, 1964, but also that he would win by a handsome majority of several million votes. He would then have the mandate that the voters had withheld in 1960. He might sweep into office enough Democrats to make possible further reforms in the structure of the House of Representatives, the chief barrier to the success of his domestic program.

Now that optimism is gone. If forced to hazard a guess, most Democrats would predict President John-

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son's re-election. But Johnson is a product of the Congressional system that needs reform; indeed, he epitomizes its values. For him, managing Congress is not a matter of necessity dictated by prudent calculation as it was for Kennedy; rather, this is the only kind of politics he understands. He communicates no sense of a coherent program unfolding now and into the future. He is all tactics and very little strategy.

Over and above specific items of the Kennedy program such as Medicare or aid to education that might have been achieved if the late President had won an overwhelming vote of confidence next year, there was also the quiet effort to change the tone and quality of public life. Here, too, progress during these past three years had been slow; it had consisted mostly of speeches, gestures, and the Presidential example. But, at least, here again there was a sense of purpose and direction. Kennedy, for example, esteemed intellectuals and gave his Administration an Ivy League tone markedly different from the Chamber of Commerce atmosphere of the Eisenhower years or the county courthouse folksiness of the Truman period. He did not tackle the networks and big advertisers head-on, but he did appoint Newton Minow and William Henry as successive chairmen of the Federal Communications Commission. Minow dared to characterize the industry as "a vast wasteland" and to propose numerous reforms. Henry has recently moved to activate the commission's moribund authority to regulate the length and frequency of radio and television commercials. Will President Johnson, whose wife owns radio and television stations in Austin, Texas, lend any support to this particularly reform?

Kennedy made some of the best appointments in history to the regulatory commissions. Johnson, on the other hand, led the shocking assault in 1949 on Federal Power Commission Chairman Leland Olds and blocked his re-confirmation by the Senate. In 1956, he pushed through the Senate the bill to free the natural gas industry from federal regulation even after the disclosure that industry lobbyists were trying to buy votes for the bill. My purpose is not to draw any misleading white-and-black contrasts between the two Presidents. Mr. Johnson is clearly entitled to write his own Presidential record starting afresh. But in recent days many people in and out of government here could not help but recall these facts from the past. Such memories have served only to provide discouragement which deepened the grief about the recent tragedy.

Three years is too brief a period to be described as an "era," but even in that short time John Kennedy had imposed on the rush of events the unity of his own personal pattern. It was a pattern composed of political sophistication and intellectual distinction, of moral commitment and artistic good taste. There was the hope among those who were the late President's colleagues and supporters that given another five years in the White House, he could have a definable impact in shifting the values of this generation of Americans away from mere money-making and the advancement of self. Whether it was the graceful eloquence of his speeches or the appointment of a White House consultant on the arts or the founding of the Peace Corps, Kennedy in numerous ways imparted reality to that hope. It now lies dead with him, and many in Washington feel the poorer for its loss. WILLIAM V. SHANNON

(Mr. Shannon is the Commonweal's regular correspondent in Washington.)

Walter Dean Burnham

After JFK—What?

Men do make history; as the President's assassination reminded us, individuals make a profound difference in human affairs

TODAY EACH of us, in his own way and for his own reasons, mourns a President. It seems almost improper —not to mention premature and speculative—to hazard an appraisal of what John F. Kennedy's death means to our polity so soon after the event. It can only be said that the business of the country will go forward, as it must, despite this irreparable loss; and that we must seek to regain our bearings as promptly and rationally as possible under these extraordinarily trying circumstances.

The brutal assassination of President Kennedy has

WALTER DEAN BURNHAM, a frequent contributor to these pages, is now doing research on voting patterns at the University of Michigan.

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forced us all to pause and take a long-overdue inventory of ourselves. Among many other things, it reminds us most forcefully that men *do* make history, that individuals—especially those in high places of responsibility—*do* make a profound difference in human affairs. How poignantly that lesson has been etched in our consciousness now! All previous calculations of the future, especially the near and political future, have been swept into oblivion by an assassin's bullet. That bullet killed far more than the physical body of John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

The first political fact of the era which began on November 22, 1963, is Lyndon Johnson's sudden accession to the Presidency. What can this abrupt turn of events mean? We may begin with one fairly fixed bearing: President Johnson can almost certainly be expected for some time to come to carry forward the broad substance of the late President's policies at home and abroad. For some time to come, perhaps indeed until the conventions and election of next year, a marked continuity in policy will manifest itself, compelled by two imperatives: (1) the imperative which arises from a continuing national interest in foreign affairs, broadly perceived in the same way by most of our political leaders, whether Democratic or moderate-to-liberal Republican; and (2) the particularly compelling political imperative at home which arises mainly from the nature of the Democratic party's national mass clientele.

Indeed, Lyndon Johnson as a Southerner—the first since the accession of another Johnson to Presidential power after another assassination a century ago—will almost surely feel it necessary to demonstrate in no uncertain terms that he has indeed transcended sectional origins and assumed genuinely national stature; and he will no doubt also have many other reasons besides those of political prudence for making this demonstration. At the very least, this should mean that the Johnson Administration will make the Kennedy Administration's major domestic policy objectives—perhaps especially in the civil-rights field—its own. That in itself should be a great deal; and if the political style of the new President and the aides with whom he will soon surround himself cannot possibly be the same as those of his predecessor, that is merely one part of a loss which can never wholly be made good.

LOOKING AHEAD, it seems virtually certain that President Johnson will be nominated at Atlantic City next summer unless he should take the extremely unlikely step of radically offending vital interests in the dominant Northern wing of the party. Not since Chester A. Arthur in 1884 has an incumbent President who wished to continue in office been denied his party's nomination. There can be little doubt that Mr. Johnson will wish to continue in office. In view of the obvious fact that President Kennedy's assassination has blasted a gaping hole in the Democratic party's national leadership, with no single visible successor except Mr. Johnson in sight, this eighty-year precedent is not likely to be disturbed by the 1964 Democratic convention.

But there is another consideration which sooner or later must be weighed. President Johnson's greatest repute over the years has been as a superb legislative tactician, a master of what James M. Burns has called "broker politics." Two questions arise concerning this record.

The first one, which can only be answered when he has had a chance to show what he can do, is whether this political style—so perfectly attuned to a collegial body with no significant traces of party discipline—can be successfully transferred to the exercise of Presidential power. Certainly the offices of Majority Leader of the Senate and President of the United States differ so completely from each other, and the imperatives of Presidential leadership are so uniquely tied to that particular office, that any attempt to carry over these legislative tactics unchanged seems bound to end in failure. But such an attempt, in all probability, will not be made; we can only wait and see.

The second question concerns Mr. Johnson's continuing, ambiguous position within the Democratic party as a whole. In his role as ringmaster of the Senate, Lyndon Johnson found himself roughly midway in the liberal-conservative political spectrum of the Senate as a whole—a position which placed him quite far to the right of most Democrats in the party's urban-industrial Northern heartland. As most of us recall, he was bitterly opposed by liberal delegations at Los Angeles in 1960, even after John F. Kennedy had told the convention that Johnson was his choice for the vice-presidential nomination. While it is undoubtedly true that Mr. Johnson has found his way to a national and international constituency in the past few years, it is also equally true that he has remained rather conspicuously identified with the more conservative wing of the Texas Democratic party and has used his influence to promote that wing's political fortunes. Indeed, it was partly to repair the damage caused by the bitter infighting within

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that state party that President Kennedy made the trip which ended in his death.

After the spasm of national unity which now encloses our new President has finally passed, this ambiguity of his domestic position will probably emerge as the most pressing item on his political agenda. No disrespect is intended when we point out that Lyndon B. Johnson has remained rather alien in his personality, his political style and his political actions from the rank and file of Northern liberal opinion. With the best will in the world on both sides, he will probably face a most exacting task in rallying that opinion behind him with the unity and cohesion which will be needed if the 1964 election is to be won.

THE NEW FRONTIER as an intellectual and cultural experience is dead. Very shortly the special political style, the tone, of the new Administration will begin to emerge with changes in personnel and policies. Since the Presidency is so uniquely a symbolic office—as those of us who lived through the weekend of the last Sunday after Pentecost will never forget—those whose cultural and intellectual roots lie east of the Mississippi and north of the Potomac are not likely to find these changes easy to accept. For the sake of political clarity, if nothing else, it can only be hoped that if the policies are in the tradition of the national Democratic party, the changes in style and tone will be perceived to be what they are—accidentals, not essentials. In any case, President Johnson has inherited a constituency. Now, and within a twelve month period, he must win it as his own.

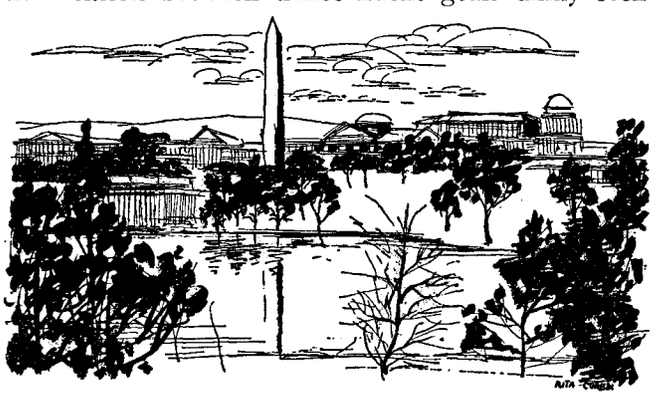
It would follow from this that the Republican party's prospects for 1964 have probably improved though, paradoxically, very likely at Senator Goldwater's expense. Of course, the political confusion which follows in the wake of the assassination affects the Republicans no less than the Democrats. In one respect, at least, President Johnson will be rather hard to attack, for he will have been in office less than a year by election day of 1964. But the knife cuts both ways. Johnson will scarcely have had much chance to develop a firm hold over the public mind—or perhaps even over some of the coalitional elements within the Democratic party—in so short a time. If the sectional image persists, and if there are defections from his standard among Northern minorities, middle classes and intellectuals who would have rallied to his predecessor, Republicanism of a certain sort might well inherit this legacy.

There are a number of reasons for supposing that President Kennedy's assassination may have critically dimmed Senator Goldwater's prospects for the Republican nomination. The most immediately obvious consideration is that Goldwater's strategy has rested heavily upon powerful anti-Kennedy sentiments in the South and much of the West. That strategy is now valueless, not only because President Kennedy himself is dead, but also because President Johnson will presumably enjoy his maximum support in just those parts of the country.

Another factor is also of considerable importance. To some degree at least, Goldwater's boom has been the product of Republican awareness that President Kennedy would very probably have been re-elected next year. This expectation of defeat seems to have given some play to the political fundamentalists who, strong as always in Republican Congressional delegations, have been shut out of the party's national convention for more than a quarter-century. But now the Republican nomination *means* something, provided that the G.O.P. has the wit to perceive the kind of candidate needed and the human resources to find and nominate him.

This is now quite a new ball game. Consequently, such a candidate cannot be Senator Goldwater. Rather he must be a man who can appeal to the urban centers of the Northeast, a man who stands visibly to the left of the party's center and can seriously hope to make inroads into President Johnson's strength in areas where he may be weak. Were it not for his divorce and remarriage, Governor Rockefeller would be a nearly ideal Republican candidate under these new circumstances. But they make him a risky prospect and remain, as before, massive impediments to his ambitions.

There is a final factor which may vitally contribute to Senator Goldwater's political eclipse, though it is much too early to suggest it save as a possibility. The many eulogies of our late President have tended to strike a common and most appropriate note: that John F. Kennedy died a victim of the festering political hatreds and fanaticisms which for years have been permitted to infect our national bloodstream. If President Kennedy's Administration meant anything, it meant inflexible, if often good-humored and tolerant, opposition to this hatred and extremism. It meant a political moderation which was not simply the flabby result of unconcerned compromise, but was an active and creative tension between transcendent goals dimly seen



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and the recognition that human and political instrumentalities had to be relied upon to reach them. The fatal shot itself may have been fired by a woefully miseducated creature who called himself a leftist; but the critique of political intolerance and fanaticism, whether of far left or far right, stands.

SENATOR GOLDWATER is not himself one of these apostles of hate, nor are most of the conservative Republicans who have recently been working on his behalf; they are simply ambitious political figures. But in pursuit of these ambitions he and they have often seemed willing to work with, and accept the support of, those who are most extreme and unreasonable, those who very often are accomplished political haters. Hatreds against "the Kennedys" and those arising from the inevitable tensions arising from the unresolved civil-rights issue have been deliberately fanned—not only by Dixiecratic politicians, but on at least three major occasions within the past year by Goldwater-oriented Republican candidates for high office.

The climate of civility, as we can see so clearly now, has deteriorated seriously under the strain of a kind of politics which can only, and with the greatest charity, be called irresponsible in the extreme. Until November 22, this kind of campaign was spreading. It seemed to be producing significant results and thus whetted the appetites of certain politicians for more. Now all of this has been swept aside with the suddenness of an assassin's bullet. It is yet too early to say what permanent effect this tragedy will have upon the public consciousness. But surely it is strongly to be hoped that there will at last break forth a massive popular revulsion against political extremism of the sort which deals with firearms, horrendous and wholly fictitious conspiracies, groundless slanders of our fellow men and paranoid hatreds. If such a revulsion does emerge, it may well rub off on Senator Goldwater himself to a degree, not to mention the real ultras of left or right. Whatever the political fate of individuals may be, we can only hope that our political life henceforth, while vigorous and lusty as it should be, will remain within the bounds of reason and civility. Such would be a change of which John F. Kennedy would have approved.

In any event, it now seems that the party realignment which so recently seemed incipient has now been radically deflected from its course, at least for the balance of this decade. The South is less likely to desert Johnson than his predecessor, and it no longer seems as probable as it did yesterday that Goldwater will be permitted to lead the Republican party to disaster in the industrial Northeast. What seems in prospect now is a massive accentuation of political centrism and brokerage—more of the same only more so, so to speak. The long-range processes working for this realignment have not disappeared. But it has now been deferred indefinitely so far as we can tell; for the moment, at least, we can scarcely conceive of the form which it will take when it finally occurs.

It need hardly be repeated that all of the foregoing is at best highly speculative. We cannot know for some months to come what the new alignment of political forces will be. Finding our true bearings in the midst of this turmoil will not be an easy task, nor will it be the accomplishment of a day or a week. We have perhaps a better idea of what we have lost. John F. Kennedy left behind him much unfinished, urgently pressing work. He also left us a rich legacy. He showed us what it means for the whole political culture to have as a President a man of youth, vigor, intelligence, prudence and cultivation.

But he may perhaps be better understood if we turn not to modern but to antique models of excellence. For above all Mr. Kennedy seems to have possessed a quality which was prized most highly by the Greeks but is virtually unknown to the modern world, and most unusual in an American chief executive. President Kennedy possessed the virtue of *sophrosyne*—a quality for which there is no equivalent in English but which, roughly, is the antithesis of arrogance, vain conceit and hauteur. This virtue includes accepting the bounds which excellence lays down for human nature, restraining impulses to unrestricted freedom, to all excess, obeying the inner laws of harmony and proportion of one's own being. It may perhaps be summed up in the two renowned Greek axioms: "Know thyself" and "Nothing in excess." Flowing from this extraordinary character was his prudence, a virtue which is not the product of weakness but of a judicious, disciplined use of very great powers.

Woodrow Wilson once commented, surveying the burdens of the Presidency, that it would soon be necessary to choose for it only "wise and prudent athletes—a small class." What more precise description have we of this man? What Horatio had said of Hamlet's father, the dead King of Denmark, we can truly say of our late President: "He was a man. Take him all in all/I shall not look upon his like again."

The Peace the Mind Turns To

Beneath devising, the mind pivots
upon silence, yearns toward the pivot,
not oblivion, which is the shadow
of silence, but that quiet point
whereon we turn, move and stay . . .
calm as a glass sea at evening,
alive as the robin's eye.

JACK MATTHEWS

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NORA LEVIN

Religious Conflicts in Israel

The emergency has subsided but the basic problem remains

THE RECENT disturbances by religious zealots in Israel have provoked, particularly among Israelis themselves, reactions of concern and indignation. The episodes involved clashes with tourists and police over Sabbath traffic near the Mandelbaum Gate in Jerusalem. Travelers who use this route on their way to Jordan must pass through the Mea Shearim quarter where many ultra-Orthodox Jews live. There have also been demonstrations against Christian missions and, more recently, acts of vandalism against the Ministry of Education building. The Government and official religious parties have condemned the actions and are taking steps to resolve the issues in dispute. (For example, it has been suggested that an alternate route to Jordan be devised.) Meanwhile, scores of suspects have been arrested and brought to trial; many have already been fined or imprisoned.

The immediate emergency has now subsided but the basic problem remains; as has happened before, a volatile episode reminds Israel that deep-lying differences between Orthodox Jews and the rest of the Jewish population have not yet been bridged, that no one is really satisfied with the compromises that have been made. Frequently one hears well-wishers of the new state say, with some show of exasperation, "Why not a simple separation of Church and State?"

But we are dealing here not with matters that lend themselves to simple formulations, but with forces stubbornly and intricately locked in history and faith: the conflict and convergence of three great faiths in the Holy Land; the unique nature of Judaism and its ties with Palestine; the inherited legacy—or dragweight—of British Mandatory law; the abnormality of Jewish life as a result of centuries of persecution and dispersion; the secular nature of the Zionist movement which forged a nationalist ideology to secure a Jewish homeland and "normalize" Jewish life with man-made social and economic institutions (in contrast with the messianic dreams of the fundamentalist Jew who thought in terms of supernatural vocation and eschewed man-made nations).

Someone has described the Jewish people as a community as well as a commitment. In a religious sense, this community includes believers all over the world sharing a common faith, variously interpreted; as a socio-ethnic reality, it consists of individuals bound by the felt ties of history, custom, language and national indentity. In all of Jewish history up to the emancipation period, community and religious commitment were one: it was impossible to sunder Judaism from the Jewish people. In modern history, however, the Jew has gradually moved into wider and wider areas of secular life and citizenship. In this process, some have become completely or partially assimilated; others have retained token religious observances; still others live in a re-worked or modified religious tradition. In Israel, moreover, a person is a Jew by virtue of Israeli citizenship and a Jewish mother; he may not feel any religious commitment at all.

FOR THE Orthodox Jew, however, the Jewish people and Judaism are synonymous. For him, the Covenant between God and Abraham fixed once and for all the character of Jewish existence, and, as a Jew, he is not free to reject a divine fiat. His authority is the Torah, a divinely ordained code of laws, and *Halacha,* religious law to actualize the ethical and ritual commandments so that Jews can live by them now and for all time as they did in the past. Such a Jew concentrates on the revealed word of God, deriving from it all meaning of man, of God's people, Israel, and of God; and this God, one should add, is not the God of the philosophers, or the Prime Mover, or the Source of All Human Good, but the God, rather, of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. The Bible is thus not a book to be read but a way of life to be lived. Life and faith are one. The Sabbath is not simply a day of rest, but a day, unlike any other, devoted to holiness. Its desecration, in this view, implies denial of creation and Providence—and perhaps, therefore, the very existence of God. *Kashruth,* the dietary law, grows out of the Biblical injunction that ". . . every soul that eateth that . . . which is torn of beasts . . . shall be unclean . . ." and rabbinic tradition carefully prescribes the method for slaughtering animals and the separation of *kosher,* i.e. proper or fit, from non-kosher foods. For such a person, ritual is loved as a symbol of something eternal and immortal and serves as a guide reminding men of commandments and duties.

For most Israelis, the Orthodox ritual has become an empty ceremony. For one man, the legalistic power of

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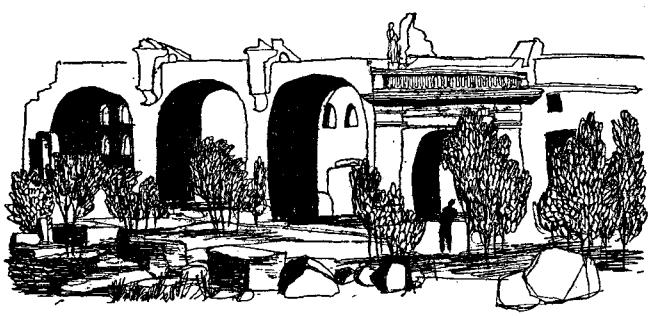
the Bible is a fact of daily experience extending to the land and the people of Israel as a whole; for another, it is an element of Jewish national culture, a power which, if imposed, violates individual rights as they are conceived in a democratic society. The differences that separate one man from the other involve vastly different values and standards of life, all but impossible to reconcile in a modern society. But practical compromises have had to be made in Israel, not only in order to avoid a *Kulturkampf* which might do irreparable harm to the young state, but also because the stability of the state depends upon the political support of the religious parties. Besides, to completely isolate the world of the Orthodox Jew in Israel would be to betray the millions like him throughout Jewish history who died for their faith and because of it.

Most Israelis would rather be inconsistent than ruthless. The compromises that have thus resulted give modern Israel a strange paradoxical character. One finds there highly advanced social forms and laws, a robust press, public as well as religious schools, a wide spectrum of political expression, the peaceful coexistence of many non-Jewish religious faiths and, anachronistically, religious control of marriage and divorce, Sabbath restrictions, and standards of *kashruth* in certain public places. There is no coercion, of course, into a formalized creed, and except for the areas indicated, the average Israeli Jew feels no substantial interference with his daily life—he may eat as he likes at home; he may ignore religious law governing married life; he may even circumvent Sabbath restrictions if he does not depend on public transportation. But, nonetheless, he chafes.

THE politicizing of religious groups and the growth of multiple parties in Israel at least partly account for the power of religious parties to gain concessions as a price for government stability. The beginnings of these developments pre-date the existence of the state and take us back a century to the origins of political Zionism. It should be remembered that Westernized Jews in particular, despondent over the failure of emancipation to solve the insecurities and ambiguity of Jewish life in the ghettos as well as the great centers of Europe and keenly aware of the power of modern anti-Semitism, felt the need of a political shelter for the Jewish people. They wanted a nation of their own, and based their work on social and economic ideals and ideologies.



Thus they were secular in their approach to rebuilding Palestine, in contrast with religious groups who wanted to build Zionism on the basis of the Orthodox religious tradition. Furthermore, in the countries of central and eastern Europe where Zionist leadership emerged, the organization of religious political parties was common. It seemed natural to organize the Zionist movement along similar lines and embrace the many varied views regarding the ultimate nature of the restored homeland. This development enriched Zionism but has complicated the life of the state; for the position of the religious parties has hardened. Religious affairs tend to become political issues, sometimes vehemently so, and religious parties are generally regarded as fighting rear-guard actions against change.

The substantial political leverage of these parties has come about because of the inability of any single party in Israel to command the support of a popular majority. Thus no party by itself has been able to form a government and must rely on coalition partners. The pattern was set in the critical elections to the first Knesset in 1949. Mapai, the moderate socialist party, garnered about forty percent of the popular vote; it would normally have allied with Mapam, left-wing labor, but Mapam took a militantly pro-Soviet position. The new state, confronted with severe problems, decided to remain neutral. Mapam was therefore not a suitable partner; the General Zionists were too weak, and only the Religious Bloc remained. Since that time, the Religious Bloc has pressed its demands hard in return for the promise of a stable government. Closely related to this problem is the fragmentation of political life—there are ten parties in Israel—and the system of proportional representation which assures a seat in Parliament to any party which obtains one percent of the popular vote.

Strengthened as they are by the vagaries of Israeli political life, Jewish religious authorities also found a ready-made body of existing legislation on which to base their power: namely, provisions regarding the regulation of all religious communities found in the agglomerate of Ottoman, French and British law bequeathed to Israel when the Mandate was given up. Under these provisions, autonomous religious communities are organized under the Millet system. This means that each community is permitted to control its church rites and such matters as marriage, divorce, personal status of individuals and burial. These matters are turned over by government agreement to officially recognized sects of all faiths. This system has existed in the Middle East for centuries and involves guarantees by international treaty, law and past precedent. Long-established rights of a religious community to insure its survival

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thus clash with newer concepts of the secular state. Individual rights and the rights of unrecognized sects (Protestant, particularly) will be slow to evolve.

THE COMBINED religious parties, forming about fifteen percent of Israel's electorate, do not, of course, accurately reflect religious consciousness or felt religious needs among the Jewish population. This figure gives us only the politically articulated religious groups. Although most Israelis want a civil court system to supplement the religious courts and want the state to divest religious parties of their power, they are unwilling to discard religious rituals and observances and traditions. Rather, they want them to be meaningful and voluntaristic within a modern society. The seeming polarization between religious parties and others has come about because of the frenetic and desperate pressures under which Israelis have lived for a generation, fighting a war while also fighting against the British restrictions on immigration; rescuing the Jews of Hitler-Europe in the midst of world indifference; restoring a harsh, rockbound land; absorbing thousands of fellow Jews in a non-viable economy while trying to survive in a hostile Arab world.

There has not been time for a steady evalution of religious tradition. Heroic experiences create Jewish history, but they do not revitalize *Halacha* or provide moral and ethical guidance for everyday life in a twentieth-century Jewish society. It is precisely in this area that the official religious leadership of the country has lost touch with the people. In fact, its preoccupation with ritual and antiquated law has alienated the younger generation and those newcomers ignorant of tradition. The great moral fervor of the Zionist movement which swept the country before statehood has been blunted by fatigue from relentless crises, the pursuit of material comfort following so many years of denial and statism. More and more, Israel feels the pressure of Western materialism and its concomitant spiritual emptiness. Against this malaise, not even the most intense cultural nationalism, including a passionate interest in the Bible, seems adequate for a Jewish society.

"Normalization" of the Jewish people in a state has not been enough. Many thoughtful Israelis are no longer absorbed by the heady fact that Israel is a nation at last. They are wondering how to turn nationhood to spiritual purposes and how to restore Judaism to the land of its birth in forms and voices that are authentic, not merely transplanted from other ages or societies. (Such is the case of the religious law, for example brought to Israel by the Orthodox Jew, a law which was developed in the Exile, operating in limited fields in which Jews were allowed to govern themselves, and presupposing an existence in the midst of non-Jews.)

There are many signs of this groping, some awkward and self-conscious, but all manifest themselves outside the framework of the religious-political parties and take as their starting point the relevance and intrinsic value of Jewish religious tradition. To recover the dynamic quality of this tradition which once filled everyday Jewish life with meaning and to give it its fitting place in a modern democratic Jewish state is the new task. It is a far different one from that of a Jew in the Diaspora who has had to adapt himself to the difference between civil and religious law. If a way can be found in Israel between secularism ("religion is purely a matter of conscience") and political clericalism, Judaism may again have something to say on all problems of human life, including the great questions of State policy, without interfering with the machinery of a twentieth-century government.

Israel, it would seem, does not want to be a nation like all other nations. It has been called, not Judea, but Israel—"he who striveth with God." A unique faith arose there and molded a people. Now, after 2000 years, it is searching to re-unite itself to that faith. But, as Buber has said, ". . . the land speaks slowly."

Talisman for a Teacher

Togged for battle they brought her roses:
new giants shoulders hunched with leather
shoved October's lately lost splendor
into her hands with fingers toughened
on rubbing tightened pigskin to test
a better thrust for spiral passes.

"They're Montezumas," the quarterback
chanted, mouthing the tall word upon
his young tongue as if it were old wine.
"One for each of us," boomed the right guard
through a babble of bewilderment,
while green and crimson made her remember
all Galahads and Gawains shuttle
between dreams of the grail and a girl.

"The white one in the center?" she asked.

"The florist called it the Rose of Peace.
We thought you'd like it, so we got it
special," an end man told her, looking
for faces to frame the fact.
She drank
the whiteness and its symbols. The taste
of dawn and sunset in the petals
unvoiced her throat, but eyes canticled
as the fullback, needing the comfort
of combat, rumbled his team and fled.

SISTER M. EMMANUEL, C.S.J.

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DONALD LOUIS ANDERSON

The Time Is Now

Impatience on the part of the Negro is not really new

IN THE FALL of 1956, I sat in the British House of Commons and listened to a debate over proposed self-determination for the island of Cyprus. The policies of three governments were involved: Turkey, because of Cyprus' geographical position and the Turkish minority; Greece, because of the racial affinity existing between the Cypriot majority and Greece; and Britain, because of her sovereignty over the island. In the debate, Mr. Allan Lennox-Boyd, then Colonial Secretary, summed up the attitudes of the three countries toward self-determination for Cyprus: "Greece says 'Now'; Turkey says 'Never'; and we say 'Sometime.'"

Within five years of that debate, Cyprus was an independent nation. That she became free was due, in part, to the violence of terrorists; but also, in part, to the enlightened policy of the British Government and its capability of adjusting to a world which had changed. This is a rare capability, and one not often demonstrated in the United States, but one which is obviously recommended by the racial crisis that now confronts us.

It is natural that the writer, as a Negro, prefers a government with a vast tolerance for change. The party I would most likely support must be similar to that which the *Economist,* in its April 21, 1962 issue, indicated it desired to see in power: the political party ". . . most likely to 'foster the reformer's zeal, to be willing to probe down to the roots of every stalk of the national life and to cut and graft wherever an improvement can be seen'; its whole impulse is to favor the party which is the enemy of 'passive tranquility,' and which comes nearest to having 'nothing timid or tepid, nothing cautious and not too much that is merely judicious' in its policies. It prefers a government that is willing to be audacious in accepting and welcoming and pursuing change."

I am aware that adopting the spirit of these words as guideposts for action puts me in opposition to a large part of public opinion in this country. Much of the public is startled by what they feel to be a sudden impatience on the part of the Negro, unaware of generations of discontent and unhappiness. But persons so far away from the heart of the current struggle can give only the passionless logician's analysis as to what ought or ought not be done, leaving out human needs, human desires, and human attitudes altogether.

The current attitude of impatience on the part of Negroes is not really new; it has only recently been converted into action. Most Negroes would admit that their degraded status is a subject which has always dominated their conversations at the dinner table, in the barber shops, and on street corners. Impatience is an attitude nearly unanimous among Negroes, and one not likely to be given up as the result of "logical" argument. And this attitude is made all the more intense by the Negro's realization that he is not keeping up with a fast-changing world.

A look at history will indicate that such an attitude is only to be expected under the circumstances. The American Negro, like the rest of mankind, is displaying one aspect of human nature that is decisive: he will not be ruled or degraded. Here the actions of Negroes follow the same pattern as those of the founders of this nation. Indeed, they could speak with the same words:

"But where, some say, is the king of America? I'll tell you, friend, he reigns above, and doth not make havoc of mankind like the royal brute of Britain. Yet that we may not appear set apart for proclaiming the charter; let it be brought forth placed on the divine law, the word of God; let a crown be placed thereon, by which the world may know, that so far as we approve of monarchy, that in America *the law is king.*" —*Common Sense,* Thomas Paine, 1776.

"Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded. . . . In vain after these things may we indulge in the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. . . . Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope?"—Patrick Henry, 1775.

There is a striking parallel between the Negro's feelings and those of the Founding Fathers—of Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton—because people in a degraded position, lacking privileges which affect every aspect of their lives, react in the same way. In the cycle of human affairs, Negroes are in the same position which these men occupied when they acted as the spokesmen of a revolution.

When the revolutionary spirit of the Founding Fathers is expressed today, however, it does not really

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have general public support. As I see it, the reason why many today do not accept Jefferson's argument in the Declaration of Independence is that they have not had the same experiences he had and they therefore do not feel the things he felt. The Negro's experiences, on the other hand, are similar to Jefferson's and the other Founding Fathers.

THERE ARE those who object to the Negro's insistence on the immediate realization of his legal rights, envisioning instead a neat solution "in due time"—although it is not clear how they arrive at their leisurely timetable. The Negro, however, cannot follow prescriptions that offer mere assurances without a guarantee, and Negro leaders have made it clear that they intend to live on promises no longer.

This should hardly surprise anyone, in view of the Negro's experience, nor is it surprising that people who view things from a comfortable and privileged perch favor a timetable of freedom which the Negroes cannot count on and will not tolerate. We believe that the argument of the Declaration of Independence had validity at the time it was made, and that it has validity now. It is our experience which tells us this—just as it is our experience which allows us to perceive the similarity between the Boston Massacre and the Birmingham riots.

The insistence of the Negro for a change in policies now is often met by the contention that such a transformation is impossible to bring about; that "things can't happen overnight"; that "you can't change men's minds by legislation." These evasive verbal formulas only promote argument at cross-purposes. The things which Negroes wish to change immediately involve the realization of legal rights which are constitutionally guaranteed. What the Negroes want is to stand equal before the law; what many think the Negroes want immediately are the consequences—usually social—which flow from equal status.

The rights which the Negro wants are specific; the consequences of denying them are severe. The Negro seeks, for example, the right to vote. To refuse this right is an unconstitutional act; to base its acquisition on custom is not only contrary to the Constitution, but also affronts the legal concepts of rights, which are not postponable. The vote is always an essential safeguard against abuse of power by any political faction which has the control of government. When the faction in power can disregard the desires and security of its opponents, there is no restraint upon excesses, and the 1961 Civil Rights Commission Report recorded incident after incident of such abuse of power in the South.

The Negro seeks an end to enforced segregation in the schools. Education is an important right, and for Negro children attending bad schools time is of the essence. "Once a child becomes a remedial reading case," says Dr. Calvin E. Gross, Superintendent of the Schools of New York City, "it may take years to repair the damage, or it may be too late forever." To ask Negroes to delay in this matter so that others may adjust to a change in their sacred "way of life" is like asking us to sacrifice our children to pagan gods.

The Negro seeks equal access to housing. Without the right to live where one wants, there is no relief from the day-to-day discomfort and misery of the slums. Furthermore, it should be remembered that when the Negro is confined to a slum or a ghetto, it is the slum or ghetto which sets his goals and his hopes for achievement. How then can progress be expected?

The Negro seeks equal opportunity for employment. This is clearly of crucial importance, in itself and because the denial of this right ties in with the denial of all the rights sought by the Negro. Without equal opportunity for employment, a Negro cannot stand on his own two feet. Without it a Negro father cannot provide an adequate home, cultural advantages or a completed education for himself or for his children.

The Negro seeks equal access to public accommodation. This right is important, not only because of the convenience which would result from having it, but also because the denial of this right works on the minds of those who are excluded and on the minds of those who do the excluding. The former feels degraded, as any Negro who has ever been turned away from a restaurant or hotel will testify; the latter gains a basis for an unwarranted feeling of superiority.

All of these are rights to which the Negro is legally and morally entitled. To state that the Negro is too impatient is to show undue tolerance for the intransigent white population; to ask for time is not only to tolerate prejudice but to demand an act of heroic charity on the Negro's part. In reality the Negro is being asked to restrain himself in order to accommodate the sensibilities of the white supremacist. How can such a request be justified?

Prejudice is the inability to recognize individual differences, the tendency to generalize about humans, to attribute to the individual the qualities one feels are possessed by an entire group—a fatal habit when appraising human beings who are motivated by a multiple of complicated emotions which in turn give rise to varied and unpredictable results. It is prejudice which is at the heart of the racial crisis. Yet if this is so, public attention should be directed not to calming the impatience of the Negro but to bringing about those situations which are most suited to put an end to prejudice.

There is plenty of evidence to show that the only solution to this problem of prejudice is interpersonal experience, and in the long run only an end to segregation will make this experience possible on a wide scale. Postponing the end of segregation. therefore, only postpones the cure.

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THE SCREEN

Guessing Games

THE HOLIDAY FILMS are beginning to reach our screens, and, as might be expected, most of them are straining like everything to be holiday-type entertainment. How well they succeed depends mainly on what you look for in a movie. "Charade" is a glossy, Technicolored murder-mystery, set mainly in Paris where Audrey Hepburn, looking lovelier than ever, wears some stunning clothes designed by Givenchy. Returning from a French winter resort where she struck up an acquaintance with ever-atttractive Cary Grant, she is shocked to find her husband has been murdered and their apartment stripped bare. She is further bewildered when Walter Matthau, at the American Embassy, informs her that her husband made off with a quarter of a million dollars in which the government is interested. And when several goons turn up at the funeral and begin to trail her, Audrey realizes they are interested in the dough too and now consider her the only clue.

Clues, red herrings, and murders pile up in "Charade" until you begin to suspect the picture is working overtime to keep you mystified. But since producer-director Stanley Donen is also interested in holding your attention with his good cast, engaging shots of off-beat Paris, and amusing give-and-take between Cary and Audrey, both of whom are fine in the give-and-take department, the plot becomes secondary, and the film holds you mainly for the ornaments in the charade.

THE LADIES in "Ladies Who Do" do not wear clothes by Givenchy. They are charwomen who clean the offices in a large London building, and, led by sprightly Peggy Mount, they are a pretty pert group—and formidable. This is one of those delightful, minor English comedies like "Tight Little Island" and "Passage to Pimlico" concerned mainly with that entrenched English idea that a man's home is his castle. Actually, "Ladies Who Do" has two plots well joined together. One shows how the charwomen form a successful financial organization with an impecunious wheeler-dealer (Robert Morley) by acting on stock market tips found in the waste baskets of their employers. And the other theme shows the efforts of these same enterprising women to stop a big property deal that will tear down the nice old block in which they live in order to build a deluxe office building. Their methods of sabotage when the bulldozers and demolition trucks move onto their street are hilarious. Directed by C. M. Pennington-Richards, the entire cast of "Ladies" is good; and the men, like Robert Morley and Harry H. Corbett, as the indignant entrepreneur, add considerably to the fun.

Admirers of Elvis Presley will be glad to know that his new picture, "Fun in Acapulco," is better than his recent vehicles. Presley, himself, is becoming a very capable performer, and his sense of humor is a saving grace that covers up many lapses. The main trouble with his movies is their thin, often-foolish plots that are only a crutch for a series of songs. While his latest, about an American aerialist who ran away from his circus after a fatal accident, won't win any prizes in story contests, it has enough substance to hold one's interest; and the picture, much of which was shot in Acapulco (in Technicolor) uses the backgrounds of this tourist resort well. Elvis is in good style and continues to display a light touch—even while singing. And he is surrounded by a lively cast including two attractive gals (Ursula Andress and Elsa Cardenas) who are craaaazy about him. My only suggestion to producer Hal Wallis: next time, drop a few of those eleven songs and deepen the plot a touch.

JERRY LEWIS' fans will probably also be in seventh heaven while their idol carries on with his slapstick humor and mad chases in "Who's Minding the Store?" It has a crazy story in which wealthy Agnes Moorehead, owner of a chain of department stores, tries to show her daughter (Jill St. John) how stupid Jerry is by giving him a job in the New York store. It isn't always Jerry's fault that everything goes wrong as the poor-but-honest lad is moved from department to department and almost succeeds in wrecking each. With its zany humor and extravagant slapstick, this comedy is sometimes reminiscent of that "Mad, Mad World" affair. "Store," however, has the advantage of being much shorter, and the dumb bunny portrayed by Lewis has many admirable qualities.

THERE are also a couple of holiday films from the Disney studio on our screens, and both are so good that even elders may enjoy accompanying kids to them. Although dogs and cats are by no means my favorite animals and I approached "The Incredible Journey" with caution, I soon warmed up to this extraordinary movie stemming from Sheila Burnford's book. It tells the story of two dogs and a cat who are homesick and think they have been deserted by their temporary keeper. So they make the 250-mile trek across rough Canadian wilderness and mountains to their home. The leader is a young, vigorous Labrador retriever; and his companions are an elderly soon-footsore bull terrier, and a peppy Siamese cat who seems to think the incredible journey is a gay lark.

Their adventures on the way are as interesting and as exciting as any picture Disney has ever made. Although the people involved in this tense trip are rather stodgy, the animals aren't; they held me from beginning to end.

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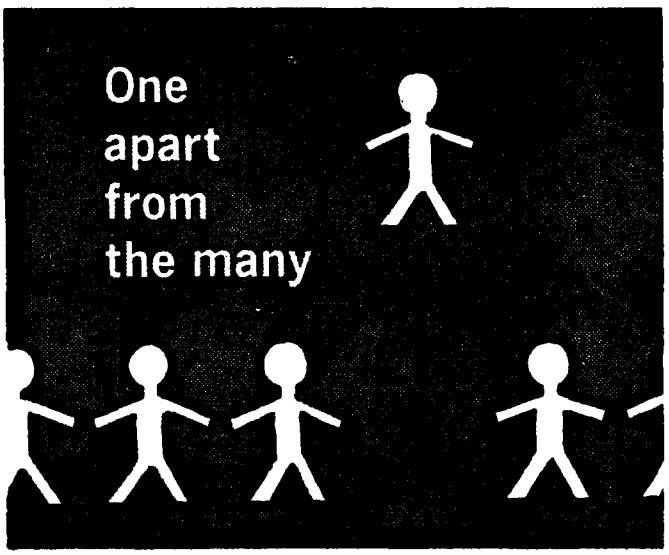
I WAS even more charmed by the new full-length animated cartoon turned out by Disney's staff of artists. While "The Sword and the Stone" doesn't follow too closely T. H. White's book on which it is based or have all of White's brilliant satire, the picture has many bright touches of its own as it shows the early education of Wart, the youngster destined to become Arthur, "the once and future king." The drawings of Merlin, his owl-pal Archimedes, and the various animal characters that Wart becomes during the course of his schooling under Merlin are a delight. Furthermore, along with all the delicious humorous touches, the film does succeed in putting over a few lessons; and it won't hurt kids to learn a few things about the importance of love, responsibility, and education—even if the lessons are sugar-coated. The coating in this case is very palatable.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG



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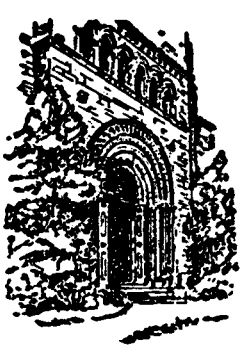

Prospective students should make early application

CORRESPONDENCE

"Governor Rockefeller's Divorce"

Peterborough, N. H.

TO THE EDITORS: The opinion you express in your editorial concerning Gov. Rockefeller [Nov. 8] is untenable, and at most, your philosophy is *amoral.* I don't like clericalism any more than you do, but the secularistic views you have expressed are no less odious. I agree that *Sign* magazine should receive no praise for their blanket condemnation of Governor Rockefeller. But, on the other hand, I can see no logic in your retort. It would have been best, perhaps, to have let each individual citizen judge the matter according to the norms of his own conscience. This seems to be your great concern. But to say that a man's private life (especially one who is a public figure) has no bearing on his "ability to function" is to deny that we express ourselves through our actions. This is foolishness!

When you speak of Rockefeller's "code of life," it is quite evident you don't know what you are talking about. What kind of civilization would allow of individual "codes of life"! The best we can say is that Governor Rockefeller has a conscience which did not stand in the way of violating the *Christian* code of ethics. To my knowledge, divorce has not become the acceptable norm of acting—even in our "mixed" society.

But do we have to speak on the moral plane in this case? What about the legal aspect in reference to the State of which he is sovereign? New York does not admit of divorce. What are we to think of a man who does not obey the laws of his own state? Are we to assume that his mode of acting will be different in an even higher office?

It is unfortunate, as you say, that the Presidency has become identified with the moral conscience of the nation, thus eliminating many otherwise good prospects from the office. But it *has* become identified with it!

Moreover, you are right in saying that "a man's private affairs, except as they may cast some doubt on his ability to function—to make rational decisions, to work for the common good, to put public before private advantage—ought not to overshadow the entire program and stance he offers the electorate." But to deny that Rockefeller's private affair does belong to these exceptions you have so aptly enumerated, is to be either very naive or lacking in an integral view of mankind and his relationship to society.

(Rev.) TERESIUS BOURNE, OCD

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Rewriting American Catholic History

Perspectives in American Catholicism. By John Tracy Ellis. Helicon. $6.

by Robert D. Cross

THIS IS a book of varied perspective, and not alone because it brings together essays, reviews, sermons, and radio broadcasts given by Monsignor Ellis to a wide variety of audiences. Most people, after all, make about the same remarks, no matter what subject they are considering, or in what company they happen to find themselves. Ellis presents us with interestingly different perspectives because he is himself a "man of parts."

Editor of *The Catholic Historical Review*, he has an almost hypertrophied sense for the slightest factual error, the garbled reference, the incorrect footnote. When in 1950 Anson Phelps Stokes published his *Church and State in the United States* in three swollen volumes, most reviewers—like his editors before them—surrendered quietly; Ellis' long review, reprinted in this collection was the only one I know of which anthologized Stokes' many errors of fact and interpretation, at the same time that it gracefully acknowledged Stokes' accomplishments, and sympathized with his manifest irenicism.

Monsignor Ellis is also an historian. Together with a handful of others, many of them former students, he is rewriting American Catholic history—and with remarkable success. He understands, much better than the Catholic historians of a generation ago, that American Catholic history makes sense only to one who is familiar with America in its peculiarities, with European Catholicism in its continuing themes, and with the Church in its essential timelessness.

Father Thomas T. McAvoy's article on "Frontier Catholicism" made this point with elegance and force twenty years ago. Monsignor Ellis seems to have grasped it from the beginning of his scholarly career. He is not a theologian, and the history of the American Catholic experience does not lead him—as it has led Father John Courtney Murray, S.J.—to a reconsideration of the fundamental relationship of Church to secular culture; like the French scholar and man-of-affairs Montalembert, Ellis might say "I do not promulgate any doctrine; I state only facts, and I draw from them purely practical consequences." The essay with which Ellis chooses to begin this book, his *Harper's* article, "Church and State: An American Tradition," illustrates how persuasive a simple recital can be of the strong preferences American bishops from Carroll to McNicholas have expressed for the separation of Church and State.

Most American historians are teachers, but, characteristically, they have not scrutinized education as carefully as they have, say, politics or business. Monsignor Ellis, a professor of history at the Catholic University of America, has been more inquisitive. His 1955 address, later published, on "American Catholics and the Intellectual Life," stirred up a heated controversy, and Ellis constructs an interesting essay in this volume from the responses he received. He also reprints here several baccalaureate addresses in which his quite relentless charm is counterpointed by his charmingly relentless enjoinders to young Catholic graduates to prove by their lives that Catholic education is worth the candle. Not that Ellis indulges in the teacher's luxury of attributing all the difficulties in Catholic education to refractory students or backsliding alumni. His quite blunt warning that laymen must be given more responsibility in the management of the schools is clearly motivated as much by his desire for better Catholic education than is now given, as by his fear of incipient anti-clericalism.

Perhaps it is because Monsignor Ellis is also a priest that he is so forthright in pointing up the "uses" of history. Secular historians, embarrassed by the preposterous old

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THE CARDINAL

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claims that history was philosophy teaching by example, have tended to hope that history would be studied simply "for its own sake." Of course, most people don't read history in any such spirit; they want to find parallel situations between past and present, to identify with great men, to figure out 'the lessons of history." Though Monsignor Ellis certainly does not cater to superstitions about history, he is frankly disposed to praise famous men, to remind his audience of the humility of Mother Seton, the courage of Archbishop Hughes, the wisdom of the First Plenary Council of Baltimore.

Monsignor Ellis likes especially to recur to the words and deeds of John Henry Newman. He apparently thinks that American Catholicism stands at the threshold of a "Second Spring"—an opportunity for growth and self-realization as exhilarating in its contrast to the difficult years in which the Church was putting down its roots in America, as Newman believed was afforded English Catholics in 1852 when the First Plenary Council of Westminster symbolized the end of the penal years. For the title of the selection with which he closes this volume, however, Monsignor Ellis falls back on an even older source. The precondition of success, he wants all American Catholics to know, is the resolve to "live as freemen."

Nkrumah's Africa

Africa Must Unite. By Kwame Nkrumah. Praeger. $5.95.

by Victor C. Ferkiss

WHEN Kwame Nkrumah entitled his autobiography *Ghana* he was not merely engaging in the egoism and self-aggrandizement common to many rulers of underdeveloped nations. Gold Coast nationalism existed prior to Nkrumah and would eventually have triumphed even without his participation, but he gave it its special accent and impetus. For Nkrumah the liberation of Ghana was to be but the first step toward the freedom and unity of all Africa.

Since Nkrumah's triumph in Ghana, a host of other African states have become independent. Other leaders now challenge Nkrumah's sought-after preeminence and the new states increasingly have vested interests in preserving their independent status. Nkrumah has therefore been repeatedly forced to reassert his claims to leadership, sometimes by methods which other Africans regard as reckless and harmful to the African cause.

Africa Must Unite is another weapon in Nkrumah's campaign for dominance. Despite its title, most of this volume is in fact an apologia for his stewardship in Ghana, the problems of which are set against a provocative if overly tendentious account of colonial rule in Africa. In general his description of his activities and the problems he and his movement face is both sound and restrained. Drawing upon an Aristotelian definition of democracy as rule by the lower classes, he presents as good a case for the one-party state in Ghana and elsewhere as can be made. His claim that only under unified and dedicated national leadership can progress occur in the emergency situations in which the newly independent states find themselves has considerable justification, and his comparison of present conditions in Africa with situations of emergency rule in the history of Britain and the United States is plausible. What is missing in this and similar briefs for one-party rule in underdeveloped nations is any willingness to take into account the pervasiveness of government in modern times and the consequent greater difficulty contemporary one-party states face in ever evolving into more open political regimes.

There is little that is new or exceptional in the arguments that Nkrumah advances on behalf of the social and economic benefits which would accrue from African unity, though his willingness to see a future Union of African States take a form in which the sovereignty of the individual member states would "to some extent" be preserved represents a retreat from his previous position. Nkrumah's call for unity is based in part on the premise that "neo-colonialism" is a major threat to African independence and welfare and he denounces at length both existing regional associations of African states and—above all—any participation by African states in the European Common Market. For Nkrumah, one major element in African unity must be an African foreign policy of nonalignment in the Cold War.

While many non-Ghanaian readers would agree with much of what Nkrumah has to say on these and other issues in the realm of international politics, they are bound to be put off by the fact that rhetorically and to some extent substantively, Nkrumah sees the world within the framework of the Communist worldview: the Soviet Union "by the very nature of its state and constitution, is a supporter of independence"; Canada is "within the orbit of American monopoly capitalism" and so forth. It is this affinity for Communist clichés more than anything in the ideology or concrete actions of Nkrumah that has caused his leadership to be increasingly suspect in the West and especially in the United States. This is unfortunate, especially so since this criticism of *Africa Must Unite* can also be applied to the thought of most political leaders in the underdeveloped world.

Prescriptions

The Education of American Teachers. By James B. Conant. McGraw-Hill. $5.

by John McDermott

AS EARLY AS his Preface, James Conant indicates that his book is not to be another screeching, self-righteous attack on American education. He points to the "almost baffling complexity" of the problems and, in his first chapter, proceeds to show the impossibility of singling out types of institutions or points of view as being solely or even heavily responsible for the ineptness surrounding the education and certification of American teachers. And he also remarks that although at the outset he shared most of the familiar antagonisms of the liberal-arts tradition as directed towards teacher-education, these were usually demolished upon closer investigation.

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Although persons close to the problems of educating teachers, and those concerned with the artificial gap that exists between schools of education and liberal arts faculties, have been stating many of the positions taken by Conant, the advantages of his work are considerable. First, he works from a comprehensiveness and a concern for data and analysis not common to even the most incisive commentator on the schools. The Conant team visited seventy-seven institutions of varying types in the twenty-two states that accounted for seventy-three percent of the students expecting to be certified as teachers in 1962.

Second, although Conant's major experience has been in university education, he has recently completed several studies on the general situation of the schools and especially the secondary schools. This experience has shown itself to be invaluable, since it enables him to have a realistic approach to actual difficulties and to give a proper assessment of the possibilities for transforming teacher education.

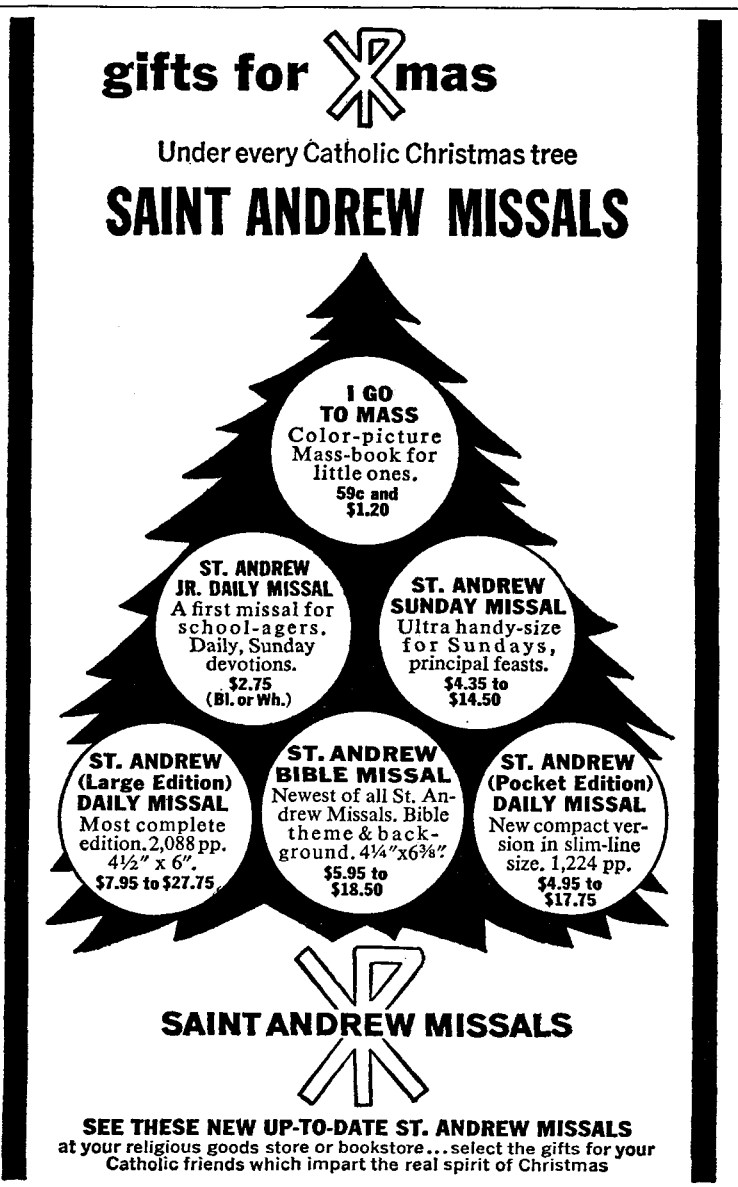
Conant also avoids the approach by escalation, that major pitfall so common to critics of American education, in which the "academic professors," by virtue of their position in the educational hierarchy choose to assail the schools and the "professors of education" for failing to provide them with adequate pre-college training. Still another factor in the significance of Conant's report, is his knowledge of the power structures both political and educational, at work in the certification process. This enables him to explicitly side with those who hold to the necessary participation of the informed local community in education.

In short, while unquestionably critical of the present method of training teachers and of the institutions involved, relative to their inability to assume direct responsibility for certification, Conant's experience is such that he does not look with favor on any of the more established camps, each with its single-cause analysis of these problems. He sees such specific vantage points, whether they have roots in the university or the community, as fundamentally uninformed about the total situation and, most important, with no adequate program for alleviating the difficulties.

Now what does Conant see as the major problem in teacher-training and what does he suggest in the way of a new approach? "The essential questions are these: What role should the state play in the supervision of teacher education? And to what extent should universities and colleges be left free to experiment with new and different programs for educating teachers." Put more simply, do the practices of state certification, no matter what their variation from state to state, "serve the purposes of those concerned with quality teaching"? For Conant, the answer is No! He contends that "the policy of certification based on the completion of state-specified course requirements is bankrupt; of this I am convinced."

The "approved programs" approach, ostensibly featuring more flexibility in that teacher-education institutions design their own programs, subject to approval by State educational departments of the National Council for the Accreditation of Teacher Education, ultimately come to have the same defect. In both cases, "they cannot be enforced in such a manner that the public can be assured of competent teachers, and they involve the states in acrimonious and continuous political struggles, which may not serve the public interest."

Does Conant see any feasible alternatives to these certification pro-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cedures, and if so how can they be augmented? He devotes the major portion of his book to spelling out these recommendations, and they point to a fundamental reconstituting of the certification process while involving, at the same time, the teacher-training institutions, the state education departments, the schools and the local school boards in an entirely new approach. In the twenty-seven specific recommendations developed by Conant as pertaining to preparation and certification, practice teaching, in-service education of teachers and a series of other specific problems, two strands emerge as most important. The first holds to the participation of the university as a whole in the process of training and certifying teachers. In this way, the merely carping or condescending type of criticism leveled by the academic faculty will be placed under the burden of participating in concrete reforms. And most significant, these reforms will constitute the actual program for teacher-training in that institution, for aside from supervised practise teaching, there are to be no overriding certification requirements as vested in the state education departments.

A second important aspect of the recommendations has to do with the increased interrelationship of the schools and the colleges through various structures that provide for a continuity of concern and program. Whether these structures take the form of a new approach to in-service courses, the utilization of clinical professors able to perform duties in both types of institutions, or simply a renewal of the concern for the relationship between insight and pedagogy, Conant's suggestions point to the ending of the now-separated educational levels, each entrenched in its own concerns and point of view.

Granting the desirable realization of Conant's recommendations, one major difficulty remains inadequately analyzed. There is little question that the urging by Conant of the certification responsibility upon the college community as a whole will serve to strengthen the commitment to learning and to content in the education of teachers. But Conant also admits that "what goes on in schools and colleges is far too important to be left to educators." He explicitly encourages the public's participation.

In his analysis of the "Theory and Practice of Teaching," he sees as a first prerequisite the concern for the "democratic social component": in effect, the inextricable relationship of the public school to the varying needs and pressures of the American polis. Higher education, however, has been traditionally independent of these public pressures and there is some question as to giving the colleges such authority at this point. Conant, himself, when asking that the professors of educational psychology and educational philosophy be professors of psychology and philosophy, adds the stricture that they have "a commitment to the public schools and their improvement."

Such a commitment is, I would contend, very rare, and considering the lack of tradition for lay criticism of university practices, this aspect of Conant's report presupposes an awareness and sense of responsibility that has not yet crystallized. Some would argue that imposing the burden of responsibility for training teachers upon the entire faculty will serve to educate the colleges to the needs and difficulties of the schools. But such a position invokes the dubious principle of awarding power in the hope of thereby transforming attitudes. At the very least this aspect of Conant's statement demands further clarification and development. For all those difficulties, his book is not only imaginative but offers realizable correctives to the major difficulties.

Journey into Man's Right to Be Unique

Montenegro. By Milovan Djilas. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.75.

by Martin Tucker

AMERICANS are familiar with Djilas, the central figure of a national tragedy who, caught in the vise between his personal beliefs and party allegiance, chose imprisonment to compromise. *Montenegro* is one of three books Djilas wrote in his jail cell at Sremska Mitrovica between 1956 and 1961 after his incarceration there for the publication of writings critical of the Yugoslav regime.

Although he was five years old during the time the events of the novel take place, Djilas claims he invented little, yet "everything in it seems unreal." *Montenegro* presents several Montenegrins in conflict with themselves, with Austro-Hungarian tyranny, and with the new order of bureaucrats who have replaced the odious monarch and his fawning aristocrats. Yet the novel is really about something outside of time or society, the journey into man's right to be unique. Each of the three heroes chooses at the moment of crisis his personal truth. In two of the situations the choice is not at odds with the reigning social world; only in the third case does the hero fail his people because he has failed to adjust to a new fact. Djilas has not however written a political novel or tract. His work of fiction is almost poetry, a style that seems at times ballad-like in its simplicity and lyrical in its lament over the inevitable tragedy. Djilas offers no solution, no rationalization, no way out of the dilemma of honorable men acting on their honor, even when there is no reason to support that honor.

Djilas calls this behavior the spirit of Montenegro and his portrait of Montenegrins is cast always in the heroic mold. At one point he says, "To look fine and have a fine view—that is very Montenegrin; but to get close to it, to live with it, that is Moslem." It is an insight into a national character that sweeps away the veil from a group of people who, to Americans, must appear comic opera at times. Yet it never sweeps away the mystery of personality, the uniqueness of man who, the more we know about him the more we yearn to know. This is the great achievement of Djilas's novel. The black mountains of *Montenegro* thus fall into everyone's province; they are the natural boundaries of man's hopes, and their blood-covered sides are the record of his defeats and strivings.

Djilas's novel is composed of three integrally related sections. The first

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describes the Montenegrin resistance to the Austrian offensive launched on Christmas Day, 1915. The second tells the story of three Montenegrins condemned to die for their opposition to Austria. They are of different ages and different spheres of interest. One is a middle-aged army captain who still believes in the rules of war; another is an old man whose loyalty is to his clan and who has no sense of national destiny; the third is a young student. In essence this section is the story of Milos, the student, who is given the opportunity to save his life if he will recant in public. Milos does not believe in war or politics. He yearns for "women's devotion" and the "crystal-clear expanses of the mountains." He is tortured by the logical reasoning of the Austrian commander who tries to convince him that personal honor—Milos's honor—can contribute nothing to history. In the end, it is the commander's reasoning which proves futile. Milos embraces death willingly as his fate.

The third section, "The End," bears an ironic title for the end of all the heroism is a politically united Yugoslavia still torn between the conflicts of clan and nation, tradition and the new way of life. Lacking any heroic acts, the section seems tawdry, especially in its depiction of two basically honorable men unable to adjust to the new order. It is however a necessary finale to Montenegro's history.

Readers no doubt will be able to find parallels in this last section to Djilas's imprisonment by bureaucrats afraid of criticism. Nor is the union of all South Slavs even now free of petty tribal differences. Yet whatever light the book may shed on Djilas's biography is secondary to the novel's power. Its inevitability of tragedy, its sense of the rise and fall of human character, are tremendous. History is the victim of man's character, Djilas seems to be saying, while man himself is a prisoner of his personality.

Kenneth Johnstone has translated the book impressively and also provided a short, excellent history of Montenegro.

REVIEWERS

Robert D. Cross, Professor of History at Columbia University, is the author of *The Emergence of Liberal Catholicism in America.*

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"As a 'distasteful necessity,' the parliament of Ghana the other day slapped an amendment onto the constitution allowing Nkrumah's government to place prisoners under detention for up to another 5 years after they have served 5-year sentences. Some Ghanaian MPs confessed their repugnance for the act, saying it put them in mind of the things that go on in South Africa. Limit of detention in South Africa: 90 days. Limit of detention in Ghana: 5 years."

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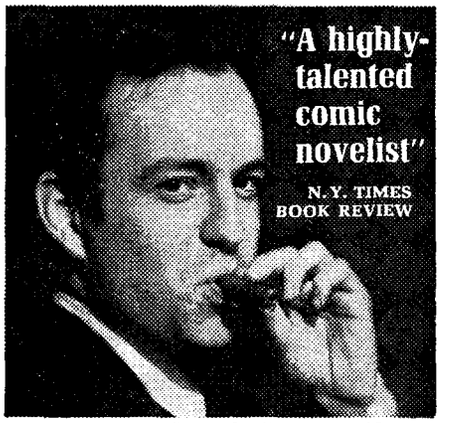
TWO FOR THE TREE



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